

Blood Unshed (Beautiful)

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Blood Unshed (Beautiful)

by [paranoidsync](#)

Summary

Dream returns, massacring the royal family to exact his revenge. He leaves George for last, dubbing him as the last blood unshed.

Dream laughs maniacally in sheer delight as the royal family's blood-soaked the clean-cut grass, only halting at the sight of the last untouched patch.

The last unshed blood.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Shock overtakes his body, rendering him vulnerable to the cold sharp metal, gleaming in the Sun's warm rays. George gulps, shrinking under Dream's twisted gaze.

In a smooth turn, Dream swiftly raises his sword in line with George's throat. One single thrust, that was all he had to do: to kill the crown Prince and claim rulership over the kingdom, to exact long-awaited revenge.

He smirks, pressing the tip of his blade ever so lightly against the prince's bared skin, finding humor in the way George's shaking body betrayed his spiteful façade.

Years of planning and preparation in play and Dream laughs maniacally in sheer delight as the royal family's blood-soaked the clean-cut grass, only halting at the sight of the last untouched patch.

The last unshed blood.

Dream withdraws the sword to George's chin, tilting it upwards with ironic tenderness, ever so slowly, raising the prince's face for him to see. Dream does not smile.

With his face paling, George looked up and met Dream's intense jade eyes, matching its intensity with indescribable fear.

And with unanticipated volume, Dream roars, drawing out George's tears from his unwilling eyes with scalding green.

"I have missed you dearly," Dream seethes, chest heaving up and down, voice raw with pure, unadulterated rage. George pleads, choking on his own tears.

But Dream lends a deaf ear, pressing the blade on George's neck once more. "Shut up," he snarls, laughing hysterically the moment after. Then everything blurs.

George raises his hands up to the sword's level, attempting to hold it away from piercing his vulnerable neck.

But Dream is too fast and too furious, and with a swift thrust, George's eyes widen, choking on his blood as he looked at the sword impaling his neck through a haze.

Dream releases the hilt, eyes blank while he watched George die in front of him, blood soaking the ground just like the rest of his family.

George sputtered and coughed, hands reaching out to Dream.

"Why?"

And there was silence.

He moves closer, kneeling down beside George's dead body. With adrenaline running out, he feels the repercussions of his massacre, finally taking its toll on him.

"How beautiful," Dream muttered, eyeing the sword still lodged on George's pretty neck. Parched and in a haze similar to George's, Dream pulls out a small leather flask.

"How beautiful indeed." With heavy eyelids, Dream downed the acidic liquid and collapsed.

End Notes

Underwent an edit. Please leave a kudos if you enjoyed it! Share your thoughts in the comments and thank you for reading.

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